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# HYMN TO VICTORY

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*By the Author of  
The True-born English-Man.*

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LONDON,

Printed for J. Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, 1704.

A  
HYMN  
TO  
VICTORY



By the Author of  
The True born English Man.

LONDON

Printed for J. Long, near St. Dunstons Church, 1794



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# TO THE QUEEN.

**M**Adam, *The Glories of your Happy Reign.*  
*Are seal'd from Heav'n, and Hell resists in vain;*  
*You're doubly blest with strange exalted Joy,*  
*At home with Peace, Abroad with Victory.*  
*If this is but the Earnest of your Fame,*  
*To what strange heights will Heav'n exalt your Name!*  
*And what Seraphick Thoughts must fill your Mind,*  
*When you reflect on Glories still behind!*

*Your mighty Predecessors strove in vain*  
*This very happy Moment to obtain:*  
*Through Fields of Blood and slaughter'd Armies fought,*  
*But always miss'd the happy Prize he sought.*  
*His dreadful Sword in numerous Battles Try'd,*  
*And push'd at Vict'ry hard, but Heav'n deny'd.*  
*In vain he might the distant Nymph pursue;*  
*The Case is plain, sh' has been reserv'd for you!*

*If, Madam, Heav'n shou'd now go on to bless*  
*Your Hands with Strength, your Armies with Success,*

*Who knows but his Commission too may come,  
That you should break the Yoke of Christendom;  
Who knows but Female Glories may advance  
And break the strong Usurping Chains of France;  
Religion, Law, and Liberty restore; (before  
And do such wond'rous Things as ne're were done*

*Lewis may then with Infamy come down,  
With all the Borrow'd Glories of his Crown,  
And offer up his Trophies at your Throne.  
The haughty Monarch may with Grief disdain  
That Female Pow'r that he'd resist in vain.  
And he that William's Terrors cou'd withstand,  
Wou'd grieve to fall by those that you Command:  
'Tis twice to Die, to Die by Woman's Hand.*

*Madam, The Hopes of this exalts your Height;  
This makes your Subjects smile, your Souldiers fight.  
Who knows the Force of your Victorious Charms,  
Circl'd with English Hearts and English Arms?  
A Monarch plac'd like you in such a Seat,  
And so belov'd, was never Conquer'd yet.  
Your Glory makes your Subject's Valour rise,  
He's pleas'd with this that in your Service dies:  
With Satisfaction he resigns his Breath,  
That he exalts your Glory in his Death.  
Such Subjects, Madam, by such Influence led,  
Where shall they not your dreadful Banners spread!*

*See*



*See how the Nations your Assistance own,  
And bend their Lawrels underneath your Throne!  
Your Conquering English Legions spread your Fame,  
And when they kill your Foes, repeat your Name.  
Your happy Genius to their Valour join'd,  
Seems Heav'n and Earth to Victory design'd.  
Never was such an English Army seen,  
Never with such a Cause, and such a Queen.*

*See how the ransom'd Nations bow their Heads  
To you that send us out and him that leads!  
Their thankful Sacrifices croud your Throne,  
You save their Kingdoms, and protect your own.  
The suppliant Princes stand about your Gate,  
And Austrian Monarchs kiss your glorious Feet.  
The steady Measures which you now pursue,  
Protect their Ancient Crowns, and give them new.*

*Th' Imperial Throne your pow'rful Troops restore,  
Spain seeks from you her rich Peruvian Shore;  
Savoy your generous Aid for safety prays,  
And Portugal for your Assistance stays.  
Sure Heav'n reserv'd the Glories of this Isle  
To this blest Hour, to you reserv'd the Spoil.  
Your Arms the Gallick Glory must subdue;  
Peace waits on Conquest, Vict'ry waits on You.*

*Victorious*

*Victorious Marl'bro' conquers in your Name ;  
His is the Conquest, Madam, Yours the Fame.  
Your steady Councils, and discerning Sight,  
Lets loose his Glorious Sword, and shews it where to fight.  
The daring Hearts that in your Cause appear,  
They fight the Battel, but 'tis you make War:  
Their Courage may exalt the English Name,  
But 'tis the Sceptre helps the Sword to Fame.  
Your wiser Conduct settles their Success ;  
Heav'n always so surrounds the Hand he'll bless.  
The Agency of Sovereign Wisdom shines  
In all the Parts of your sublime Designs.  
Such Order must a suited End afford,  
At home your Councils, and Abroad their Sword.*

*The wond'ring Nations turn their Eyes to you,  
And strangely ask what Heav'n intends to do !  
Such Blessings which a few past days can show,  
Are more than any single Reign shou'd know.  
Amaz'd with da'ly Conquests, the Surprise  
Sometimes our Hope, sometimes our Faith denies.  
New Wonders croud the Nation's glutt'd Ears  
Beyond the Atheist's Brags, the Christian's Pray'rs.  
A man could hardly have the Face to go  
And ask such Gifts as Heav'n and You bestow.*

*And now, among the Suppliants of your Train,  
That seek your Aid, and seek it not in vain,  
Religion comes to own your Royal Cares,  
And shew the grateful Blessing She prepares.*



*The Widow'd Dame, disconsolate and sad,  
Threw by the Sable Weed she wore when William dy'd :  
For when she saw the Mighty Spirit here,  
She felt new Hopes, and quite forgot to fear.*

*With Joy She sought new refuge in your Throne,  
And found you join'd her Safety to your own :  
With sacred Zeal She fill'd your Royal Breast,  
To rescue Kingdoms ruin'd and oppress'd :  
She fir'd your Soul with Motions so divine,  
'Twas she that sent your Army from the Rhine.  
From you to glorious high Ascents She flew,  
Where She the mighty Actions kept in view,  
And brought those Triumphs back that are your due.*

*The Humble Muses now their Tribute pay,  
And sing the Joys of this Triumphant Day.  
And now, the meanest of the inspir'd Train,  
Suppress'd by Fate, and humbl'd with Disdain,  
From all the Joys of Art and Life exempt,  
Debas'd in Name, and cover'd with Contempt,  
With Chains of Injury and Scandal bound  
In dark Recess, your Mighty Influence found ;  
So strong the powerful Charm, so fierce the Fire,  
The Muse must sing, or in his Verse expire.  
He sings the Glories of your happy Reign,  
And humbly then retreats Disconsolate again,  
Under the Blast of Personal Pique to die,  
Shaded from all the Blessings of your Eye.*

**De Foe.**

The Widow'd Dame, whose name and face  
Thou by the Sable Weed for ever wilt  
For when she saw the mighty Spirit due  
She felt new Hopes, and new desires

With joy she sought new refuge in your Throne  
And found you join'd her Sails to your own  
With sacred Seal she fill'd your Royal Throne  
To reign Kingdoms with and above  
She said your Seal with solemn devotion  
Tear she that sent your glory from the Throne  
From you to glorious high ascent she flew  
Where she the mighty Spirit left in view  
And brought those Triumphs back that are your due

The Humble Mule now this Tribute pay  
And sing the joys of this triumphant Day  
And now, the monarch of the joyful Train  
Supported by Fate, and humbled with Disdain  
From all the joys of Art and Life exempt  
Depos'd in Name, and cover'd with Contempt  
With Chains of Injury and Scandal bound  
In dark Recels, your hidden sufferance found  
So strong the powerful Chain, so fierce the tie  
The Mule must sing, or his Voice expire  
He sings the Glories of your happy Reign  
And humbly then repeats Disconsolate again  
Under the Bliss of Personal Pains to die  
Shaded from all the Blessings of your Eye

De Hoc



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A  
HYMN  
TO  
VICTORY.

Hail, VICTORY ! *Thou Stranger to our Land ;*  
Thou coy long-courted Mistress of Mankind,  
Debauch'd by Tyrants, ravish'd by the Strong,  
Where hast thou absent been so long ?  
Why hast thou fled from *English* Arms,  
And why abroad so lavish of thy Charms ?  
Thou beauteous Wanderer from these Isles,  
Where hast thou laid thy dear-brought Spoils ?  
How hast thou fled from Justice and our Cause,  
Abandon'd Honesty and Laws,  
Encourag'd mighty Injury and Guilt,  
And join'd thy Triumphs to the Blood they spilt !

Thy

Thy Chariot has with wonted Fraud  
 Allur'd our Champions to Attempts abroad :  
 We thought we had thy Meaning understood ;  
 And courted thee thro' Seas of *English* Blood :  
 But when we thought thy Friend-ship sure,  
 More tempting Objects does thy fickle Mind allure :  
 Jilted we saw thy Shadow fly,  
 And count the Squadrons of our Enemy :  
 Yet all thy Errors thus we overlook,  
 Freely thy Banishment revoke,  
 Welcome thee with our open Hand,  
 Hail VICTORY ! *Thou Stranger to our Land.*

Thou art a fullen airy Wight,  
 On ev'ry small Affront thou tak'st thy Flight,  
 For ev'ry Trifle wilt begone,  
 And hardly art with strong Entreaties won :  
 A partial Nymph ! that scorns to smile but where  
 The unresisted Baits of power are :  
 Thy mercenary Favours do'st divide,  
 Not to the best but strongest Side.

Invading Numbers are thy Bait,  
 Too oft on potent Treason thou can'st wait,  
 Bestow'st thy Favours without sence of Right,  
 And basely stoop'st to sawn on Men of Might.

How often have we seen thee try'd ?  
 And Rebels get thee over to their Side ?

How



How often have thy Banners been display'd  
 O'er abject Truth and Right betray'd?  
 How have oppressing Legions rais'd their Fame  
 On thy abus'd deluded Name?  
 And Tyrants boldly ruin all Mankind,  
 Because thy partial Name's their Friend.  
 Thou formidable strong Pretence,  
 That stand'st for Law, and serv'st instead of Sence;  
 That mak'st the stupid World content  
 To take thy Word instead of Argument.  
 We make our Reason to thy Rules submit,  
 Thou can'st supply the want of Wit,  
 In thee the widest Contradictions hit.  
 No Words against thee can prevail,  
 Thy Arguments can never fail.  
 Conquest the worst of Treasons sanctifies,  
 And where *Victoria* speaks the World complies.  
 Thou hast the strangest Character;  
 Thou art the Cause as well as End of War?  
 So many Contradictions blind thy Sight,  
 Thou'rt always wrong, and yet art always right.  
 What Villanies are acted in thy Name?  
 How do thy Conqu'ring Troops the World Inflame;  
 What ravag'd Towns in Flames appear,  
 Excus'd by Rules of Victory and War?  
 How do the Monarchs who debauch thy Name,  
 Value themselves upon thy ill-got Fame!

Call themselves Great, Immortal, and Divine,  
 When all their wild Idolatry is thine;  
 Had Victory to Virtue been but true,  
*Lewis*, thy Triumphs had been few,  
 But Victory, debauch'd by Art,  
 Makes Fate comply, and seem to act a part;  
 And by her mighty Influence  
 With Fraud and Force usurps on Providence;  
 Gives vast Success where there's no Virtue due,  
 And makes the Shades of Valour pass for true.

In former times thy Fame was known:  
 Before thou wast so Mercenary grown,  
 Thy Favours were impartially bestow'd  
 To Men of Valour, less to Men of Blood.

Then *England* shar'd thee in her Wars,  
 And her *Black Prince* engag'd thee to be Hers,  
 At *Gresey*, *Agen-Court*, and at *Poitiers*.  
 'Twas then thy Virtue might be call'd thy own,  
 By Battail only to be won;  
 By Dint of Sword and *English* Valour sought,  
 By *English* Valour hither brought.  
 And had our Virtue not decay'd,  
 Perhaps thou might'st till now ha' staid.

Now thou'rt become *the Whore of War*,  
 Strowling with Bully *Mars* and Coward *Fear*,  
 Thou tak'st the vile degen'rate Part,





A Prostitute to Stratagem and Art;  
Submitt'ft to Treason, Avarice, and Blood;  
And art no more for Justice understood.

By modern Methods art procur'd,  
The longest purse subdues the longest Sword.

*Trick, Shaw, Contrivance, and Surprize;*

In these thy new Acquirement lies;

*Number* not Valour now prevails;

*Art* wins, and *Courage* oftner fails.

He Conquers soonest that's the most afraid;

The Camp's a Marker, and the War's a Trade.

Tell us, returning Nymph, the latent Cause,  
Why thou thy Fav'rite *England* do'st forsake.

Where thou had'st always just Applause,  
Could always Heroes find, or Heroes make.

In Civil Broils the Goddess took the Side

Where truest Valour could her Chariot guide;

Quite unconcern'd as to the Cause of War;

'Twas Fighting only that contented her.

When Battail join'd, and furious Squadrons met,

She hover'd o're the bloody Spot

Without examining the Cause:

Bestow'd her Lawrels by her Martial Laws,

But when she came to see

How ill they us'd their dear-bought Victory;

Asham'd of those she had caress'd before,

She fled for forty Years, and came no more.

To

To *Germany* from hence she fled,  
 With Pleasure there she us'd to tread;  
 At *Leipsick*, *Lutzen*, *Nordlingen* and *Prague*,  
 She triumph'd o'er the *Austrian* League;  
 There she the Tomb of great *Gustavus* saw,  
 Who chain'd her to his Saddle-bow,  
 Who made his Valour be her Law,  
 And her Amazement too.

So swift his Conquest, so secure his Hand,  
 Not Victory her self could him withstand.  
 Had she the Lawrels for his Foes design'd,  
 Had she been partially inclin'd;  
 So closely and so boldly he pursu'd,  
 Ev'n Victory her self was there Subdu'd,

The angry Goddess, loath to be confin'd,  
 Strove to bestow a Lawrel from his Head:  
 But this impetuous Valour scorn'd the Deed,  
 And ravish'd Victory against her Mind.  
 The haughty Nymph with his new Fame oppress'd,  
 The mighty Conqu'ring King address'd:  
*Here's Victory and Death*, said she;  
 If you will Conquer you must die.  
*I will*, th' undaunted Prince reply'd;  
 So Conquer'd Victory and dy'd.

To *France* the Goddess went from hence;  
 They Deify'd her there, and call'd her Providence:  
 Pleas'd



Pleas'd to be thus Carels'd, she pitch'd her Tent;  
And with their Armies always went.

Young *Nassau* courted her in vain,  
The *Dutch* would not defray the Charges of her Train;  
She lik'd the Youth, his Valour pleas'd her much,  
But something out of Humour with the *Dutch*;  
Yet she agreed their sinking State to save,  
Join'd the young Prince at *Naerden* and the *Grave*;

Bravely she led him on,  
At *Worden*, at *Seneff*, and *Bonn*;  
But, baulk'd by *Germany* and *Spain*,  
She left him, and return'd to *France* again :  
Then stay'd so long upon the *Rhine*,  
'Twas thought she had been married to *Turenne* :

*Conde* enjoy'd her once or twice,  
But left her to possess his meaner Vice.  
And *Luxemburg* employ'd her so,  
He hardly gave her time to go.

*Schomberg* her fickle Favour won,  
But could not keep her for his braver Son.

At last *Britannia* call'd her o're,  
To land with *William* on her *Western* Shore.  
She came, to *Albion's* brighter Cliffs, she came;  
Traitors and Cowards startled at her Name :  
And when they heard 'twas *William* brought her o're  
They never shew'd their Faces more.  
His strong, advanc'd Battalions she led on,  
And Armies fled like Mists before the Sun, Ty-

Tyrannick Legions at her Name submit;  
 Like Providence, the Work was all Compleat:  
 Where're the Hero went, she led the way,  
 Where're the Hero went, she got the Day,  
 Conquest out-rid his Troops, and Fear  
 Gave Victory without a War:

'Twas then the Goddess made her Dwelling here.

She plac'd her Image up in ev'ry Street,  
 She led our Armies, *nay* she led our Fleet:

For then we saw no Cowards there,  
 And Victory had left no room for Fear.

She led our glorious Legions on,  
 And follow'd *William* to the *Boyne*:

Nay, when *Britannia* call'd him home,  
 She let him come.

She stay'd behind to propagate his Fame,  
 And Conquer'd *Ireland* in his Name.

Tell us, returning Nymph, the Causes why  
 Thy Blessing did from *England* fly?

She went with *William* from our Land,  
 We thought sh' had been at his Command;  
 And doubted not but she'd come home again:  
 But ah! she left him at *Landen*.

Thro' Seas of Blood he thought to fetch her home,  
 But the too partial Nymph would never come:  
 At *Namure* once, by Force, he made his way,  
 And fetch'd her home, but could not make her stay  
 And seeing he in vain pursu'd,  
 He let unsettled Peace the War conclude.

Now



Now tell us, Nymph, *and yet forbear,*  
 The Causes of thy Flight,  
 Of which so many blush to hear,  
 So few will dare to write.

Was it that Traytors dwelt at home,  
 And Cowards went to War,  
 Some sold the Fleet, the Army some,  
 And some were Rogues for fear.  
 Some stay'd at home our Councils to betray,  
 Some bravely went abroad to run away.

The few that had some Courage brought,  
 First damn'd the Cause, and for the Money fought  
 The awkward Heroes made the War a Trade,  
 And Fought as Dully as they had been Paid :  
 And Thousands, *which was worst of all,*  
 Receiv'd their Pay, and never Fought at all.

*Britannia!* What was in thy Fate,  
 That always found the R---s to Pawn thy State?  
 Thy Noble Sons regard no Camp or Fleet,  
 But Bully *France* in Chocolate;  
 Beg Places to Betray the Land,  
 And steer the State they cannot understand.

These are the Men that Banish'd VICTORY,  
 That made her abdicate and fly;  
 These made the glorious *William* fight in vain;  
 Shew'd him the Lawrels he could ne're obtain :

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These made him weary of the War;  
And fill'd his Royal Heart with anxious Care;  
Made him content with meaner Terms of Peace;  
And short'ned all our Happiness.

These are the Men that held the Nation's hands;

That thwarted his more just Commands;  
That sunk the Money, and the War delay'd,  
The fatal'st way of being betray'd.

Had his Successor been abus'd like him,  
Not Heav'n it self cou'd Victory obtain.

He never form'd a proper Scheme,  
But they unform'd it all again.

If he commission'd them to fight,  
They kept the Enemy out of fight;

But if the Money was in the Command,  
They'd always be at hand.

No wonder VICT'RY ne're return'd again;

No wonder *William* fought in vain;  
Nothing but Miracle can save a Land,  
Where Knaves must execute what Fools command.

Thus VICTORY from *England* fled,  
And pale Miscarriage manag'd in her stead;

Abortive Vapours on our Councils fare,  
Untimely Devils hover'd o're the State.

The native Vipers of the groaning Land,  
Eat out the Vitals of their Parent Ile;

And



And while she fed them with her open hand,  
Abandon'd her to Rogues, and shar'd the Spoil.

Had not the fatal Charm dissolv'd at last,  
All our Deliverance had been past.

Not changing Hands could break the horrid Frame

Ro---s of all Parties are the same,  
From Crafty L---s to empty N---ham.

Not *William's* Death, nor *Ann's* succeeding Power,  
Before the high appointed Hour,

Cou'd loose the Witchcraft of our Fate,

Open the Nation's Eyes, or save the State.

In the old Road of Mischief we went on,

And made our wonted Haste to be undone:

Miscarriages from every Corner come,

Knaves act Abroad, as Fools direct at Home.

Wonder no more, ye Men of Sense !

Miscall not our Misfortunes Providence !

'Twas no Disaster made our Voy'ges vain,

'Twas all Contrivance and Design.

The busie States-men juggle and debate,

And make a Jest of *England's* Fate :

Parties decide the Nation's Doom :

Fighting Abroad's a Jest, *The Wars at home,*

Navies and Armies may themselves defeat,

It all concurs to form the General Cheat.

The embattl'd People now in sides appear,

And all's embroil'd in Party-war.

Where will *Britannia's* Mischiefs end?  
 Who shall her ancient Glories now defend?  
 While Parties, Prejudice, and Pride,  
 From Peace and Honesty divide.  
 Armies of *Tookites* intercept our Peace,  
 And too much Law's the Nation's known Disease.  
 Occasional Contention leads the way,  
 And Zeal design'd Religion for a Prey:  
 But they that sav'd the Nation, got the Day.

The fatal Blast confounded all their Powers,  
 Blew *R-----* and *S-----* out of Doors;  
 And *N-----*, when his Supporters fell,  
 Alas, what Pen the fatal News can tell!  
 Sunk Soul-less, down the mighty Bubble fate,  
 Like the meer Tool of State:  
 And he that us'd his Honour like his Whore,  
 Was just as senseless now, as useless long before.  
 His *Conscio sibi* star'd him in the Face,  
 And by his silence shew'd his Guilt and Grace:  
 For tho his struggling Passions might be strong;  
 This made him blush, that made him hold his Tong;  
 Old *S-----* govern'd not his Spleen so well,  
 But like a mighty strong *Colossus* fell:  
 He thought his Int'rest fix'd, and kept his Seat,  
 And knew his Merit better than his Fate:  
 Tho' had his Senses been in exercise,  
 His Fall cou'd ne're ha' been the least Surprise;

Since



Since any Man that had but half his Crime,  
Must needs approve his Fate, and own 'twas time.

The tottering Engine, by his Pride oppress'd,  
Fell all Mens Scorn, and ev'ry wise Man's Jest.  
The Breath of Royal Justice blew him down,  
And plac'd him at a safer distance from the Crown.  
Envy so swell'd his guilty Breast with Rage,  
Nature cou'd hardly bear his Pride and Age;  
Oppress'd with Madness, and oppress'd with Years,  
He mixt his hearty Curses with repining Tears.  
So Cowards, by their Guilt and Fear surpriz'd,  
Want Courage but to see themselves despis'd.

Old R— with equal Guilt and Shame,  
Shun'd the Disorders to preserve his Fame:  
The haughty Chit, tho' swelling with Disdain,  
Cou'd better his high Discontents contain,  
And in sedater Terms his Grievs explain. }  
With steadier Thoughts did his Disgusts engage,  
Neither with F—'s Spleen nor S—'s Rage,  
Rallies his Master-Politicks to try  
Another Cast for Government, or die.

In vain the subtil Wretch embroils this Isle;  
In vain he'd *Whig* and *Tory* reconcile:  
He courts th' Extremes of Parties, and in spight,  
That he may more Divide, wou'd some Unite:  
Such humble Thoughts his Policy creates,  
And strives to League with those we know he hates.

But common Heads his shallow Thoughts explain  
And all his vast Contrivance is in vain.

The Royal Blast the Party overtakes.

The deep Contrivance breaks!

The Queen, to Peace the willing Land perswades,  
And with that Word their deep Design invades:  
The willing Lords close with the Royal Word,  
And damn'd the Bill as cruel and absurd.

'Twas now that VICTORY return'd:

The flame of Civil Strife too long had burn'd.

The Queen too plainly saw the vile Design:

Her Majesty blew up the Mine.

And now her Victory is so compleat,

No *Tookite* dare the Royal Word debate.

Well may our Armies fight Abroad,

Well may the World their Services applaud;

From hence the Springs of Conduct come,  
Courage Abroad, Fidelity at Home.

The Queen at Home a greater Conquest gains,

Greater than this on the *Bavarian* Plains:

There she the *German's* Foes has overthrown,

But here she vanquishes her own.

The heady, false, and furious Statesmen fall,

And Moderation rules us all:

A flowing Cash, a quiet State:

Can such a Nation fear an adverse Fate,



By able Statesmen guided here,  
 And able gallant Generals guide the War!  
 This Conquest nobly she has gain'd, (Lan'd  
 And VICTORY'S come home, *That stranger to our*

Hail Goddess! Welcome to thy old Abode!  
 Be thou the Guardian of the Nation's Good.

Let Civil-Strife and Party-Fire  
 Under thy weighty Hand expire:  
 Under thy Banner let us always Fight,  
 Conquer Abroad, at Home Unite.

Let all that would our private Peace Molest,  
 Be by thy solid Arms suppress'd.

Then to the Field our Legions may advance:  
 This is the only way to Conquer *France*.

'Tis done! The glorious News is just come o're;  
 She Conquers there that Conquer'd here before.

Hail VICTORY, the welcome Blow!  
 How great, how mighty, is the Overthrow!  
 So shall he Conquer that for *England* fights:  
 So shall the People Conquer that Unites:

'Tis done! The Sound of Victory was heard  
 As soon as *Marlbro's* Conquering Troops appear'd:

Soon as he drew the *English* Sword,  
 And gave *Queen ANN* for the Victorious Word,

*Victoria* let her Face be known,  
 And gave him Earnest that fire was his own.

At *Schellemburg* the scatt'rd Troops took Flight;

Valour

Valour it self to VICT'RY must submit;  
 And *English* Banners there, thro' Seas of Blood,  
 To *Danow's* Stream the slaughter'd *French* pursu'd,  
*Danubius* joins her willing Streams to save  
 The vanquish'd Troops, tho' conquer'd, *Brave*,  
 Safely she landed them on t'other Shore,  
 But bid them tempt her Waves no more:  
 She wou'd not promise them to join  
 Against those Troops that once subdu'd the *Boyne*.

Flusht with Success, the *English* Solidiers fly  
 "To Battel, on the Wings of Victory:  
 Their own intrepid Courage leads them on;  
*The Omen's* good, they know the Day's their own:  
 Possess't with secret Joy the Conquest's sure:  
 They only Fight to make it more secure.

An *Englishman* has something in his Blood,  
 Makes him love Fighting *better than his Food*;  
 He will be sullen, lay him down, and die,  
 If he cannot Come at his Enemy:  
 But, let him loose, you fill his Soul with Joy,  
 He's ravish'd with the Thoughts of *Victory*.  
 Let him but fight, give but his Valour vent,  
 And if he's beaten he's as well content.  
 He smiles and dies, wishes the Victor Joy,  
 Pleas'd with that Valour does himself destroy.

He's



The Gust of Battle so his Temper hits,  
 He's never out of Humour when he fights.  
 From whence his Foe's of this Advantage sure,  
 A Word will Generous Articles procure.  
 The Enemy he Conquers he'll Defend,  
 And will for ever after be his Friend.  
 But while he fights for Life and *Victory*,  
 No *Africa Lyon's* half so fierce as he:  
 No Bounds his native Vigour can restrain,  
 He's more a Fury than a Man;  
 With such intrepid Steadiness of Mind,  
 As Nature has for *Victory* design'd.  
 Battle was always *Englishmen's* Delight:  
 They'd always Conquer *if you'd let 'em fight*.  
 And if by Coward Captains they're restrain'd,  
 They hate the Men as much as the Command.  
 Their own superiour Courage lets them know,  
 They *Can* and *Dare* what no Man else *will do*.

Great *Tallard*, let thy Soul no more repine;  
 'Tis no Reproach to yield to *English-men*:  
 Advise thy Master, e're it be too late,  
 Never to prompt *their Rage*, nor tempt *his Fate*.  
 They always Conquer'd, 'tis *their Due by Blood*;  
 If they ha' leave to fight they ne'er can be withstood.  
 Bid him look back to all the Ages past,  
 As far as Memory or Books can last.

Let him the Nation's Valour but Compear,  
He'll find *it must not be a fighting War.*

If he will *English-men* Subdue,  
He must his way of *spinning War* renew.

*Fateaguing Marches, Harass, and Surprise,*  
*Long Campings, Dodging, and Delays;*  
These baulk an *English-man*, and make him mad,  
Make Valour droop, and hang the Head.  
They're so Impatient and uneasie there,  
The very Nation's *sick of War.*

Would *France* but with *this fighting War* go on,  
She'll quickly be undone:

In Art, in Bribe, in Conduct, and Surprise,  
*Her proper Talent lies.*

There we must own she manages Mankind,  
Sees with their Eyes while they themselves are blind,  
Hoodwinks the World, and plays her Game so sure,  
Princes her willing Yoke endure:

She makes her Neighbours-Kings support her Throne  
*By the Destruction of their own.*

She Tricks the World in Arts of Governments,  
And those she cannot Conquer, Circumvents.

By this she's made a match for all Mankind;  
And this way still she may her self Defend:

But if she comes to Fighting on the Square,  
She'll quickly finish all the War.



Two more such Battles wou'd undo her,  
And sink at once her wild extended Pow'r.

Tell us, Great *Tallard*, and your mighty Train,  
That made the vast attempt in vain ;

( You saw th' amazing Sight )

*Tell us how English Armies fight.*

You have the mighty German Squadrons broke,

The Roman Eagle Snar'd and Took ;

At *Landau* and *Brisack* your Fame is known,

And *Hessian Princes* your high Conduct own :

In Honour now the noted Truth confess ;

To your own Honour you can do no less :

Do your too happy Victors Right,

*Tell us how English Armies fight ?*

Is there not something in an English Face,

Something peculiar to the very Race

That carries Terror out in ev'ry place ?

Are they not Furies ? something more than Men ?

Something beyond Humane ?

Let your amaz'd Battallions tell their Tale,

*What made their wonted Courage Fail ?*

To whom did *Ninety* Ensigns yield ?

To whom did *Thirty* Squadrons quit the Field ?

Could Common Men the Royal Household fright ?

And make them court the Waves to shun their sight ?

Those Troops that rais'd the *Gallie* Fame,

And purchas'd *Lewis* his Immortal Name ;

That made the Germans stoop to his Command,

And always fought with Victory in hand ;

That pass'd the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,  
 That made the stubborn Nations bow,  
*And always were invincible till now.*

Innumerable Battles they have fought,

Innumerable Victories ha' got :

Witness the Thousands of their slaughter'd Foes,  
 Whose Valour only help'd their Overthrows.

At *Flerus*, at *Marlaglia*, and *Landen*,

The *Maese*, the *Moselle*, and the *Rhine*,

They strew'd with Blood the fruitful Shore,

And never had their Fame eclips'd before.

Can these be Conquer'd? Can the mighty Line,

That with so many Conquests shine ;

That never could by any Force be broke,

Nor ever felt the Conquerors Stroke ;

Can these to equal Numbers e're submit ?

Can these the Field of Honour quit ?

The Flow'r of *Germany* and *Spain*,

Have often made the great Attempt in vain.

They scorn your *Cossacks*, *Croats*, and *Hussars*,

*Phantomes* and *Scare-crows* of the Wars ;

The *Ignis fatuus* of the Field,

And hardly worth the trouble to be kill'd ?

They a'ways struggl'd for the Nobler Prize,

And chose the Dangers of exalted size.

The *Saxon*, *Brandenburgh*, and *Hessian* Horse

Have often fled from their superior Force : Whole



Whole Armies have at once defy'd :  
 Bully'd the *Swiss*, the *Italian* Troops destroy'd  
 Trode down the fatal Granadiers,  
 And broke the brazen Troops of *Curiaffiers*.

So much they scorn'd the general Rules of War,  
 Such Strangers to, so unconcern'd in Fear,  
 They'd calmly stand the fiercest Shock,  
 Delay the sure returning Stroke ;  
 Throw by the useless Engines of the War,  
 The Sword's their Bullet, and their Name the Fire :  
 The Pistol and the Carabin disdain'd,  
 And carry'd all before 'em Sword in hand.  
 If these to equal Numbers e're submit,  
 If these the Field of Honour quit,  
*Where is the Nation ?* who must lead them on ?  
 They must be *Englishmen*, or none!

See the strange Fate of Humane things,  
 How Nature ev'ry day new Wonders brings !  
 See how these Capitals of War  
 Are in a Moment taught to Fear !  
 How from the *English* Troops they learn to fly !  
 Afraid to fight, while not afraid to die.

Souldiers are always Slaves to Fame,  
 Where they could stand the Men *they'll fly the Name*;  
 And there are strange disheartning Charms  
 In the bare Reputation of Mens Arms. See

See how the trembling *Household Legions* fly!  
 The scatter'd Squadrons *how they lie!*  
 Soon as the *English* came upon the Spot,  
*Some Devils sure went with their Shot.*  
 No more the Royal Standards dare advance,  
 No more dispute *the Gallantry of France.*  
 Confusion seizes the unhappy Bands,  
 They loose their Feet, as well as lose their Hands.  
 Betwixt the wild Extreame of Rage and Fear,  
 What strange ungovern'd Wretches they appear!  
 They rais'd a high amazing Cry,  
*Afraid to fight, and yet disdain'd to fly;*  
*'Twas so unknown a thing to them to yield,*  
 So awkwardly they quit the Field:  
 They lost their Moment by the wild Delay,  
 Now they've no *time to fight, nor room to run away.*

Surrounded by the Conqu'ring *English* Bands,  
 They lose their Hearts, and *that's to lose their hands.*  
 Grown mad and furious by Despair,  
 For Death and Desperation they prepare:  
 In vain against their Fortune they exclaim,  
 In vain blaspheme the *English* Name;  
 Close at their Heels the Conqu'ring Troops pursue,  
*Prevailing Death* appears in view.

The *English* Terrors quite confound their Sight,  
 And yet they *less* know how to fly *than fight.*

Fate



Fate ne'er abandons Man in his Distress ;  
 The *Shapes of Death* have vast Varieties :  
 And he that scorns to stoop to Victory,  
 May always find some way to die.  
 Th' *Inviting Streams* the desp'rate Troops allure,  
 There they have room to die secure ;  
 There they can gratifie their Rage, and die,  
 In spite of the insulting Enemy.

*Danubius* stops their raging Breath  
 With all the kindest Courtesie of Death ;  
 To her destructive Waves they fly,  
 Their bold pursuing Conquerors they despise :  
 Forward the mighty Squadrons throng,  
*Cursing their Fortunes, and the War,*  
 By the *Victorious English* push'd along,  
 But faster prest by Rage and wild Despair.  
 What strange Extremes has Nature in her Womb !

*From what wild Fountain do they come ?*  
 The Conquer'd Troops by various Methods shew  
 More Fury than the Victors that pursue ;  
 But with this difference in their Wrath,  
 This is the Rage of Conquest, *that of Death,*  
 From vastly wide Beginnings they appear  
 The *Fire of Joy*, and *Fury of Despair* :  
 Life finds no room among these wild Extremes ;

Contempt of Death both sides enflames :  
 The Victors Kill, the Vanquish'd scorn to Live ;  
*These scorn to ask what those refuse to give.*

Headlong they leap from the relenting Shore,  
*With the same Fury that they fought before ;*  
 The dreadful Waves more willingly embrace,  
*Less dreadful than an English Army's Face.*

The willing Stream conceals their Shame,  
 And buries all their Glories with their Name.  
 So fell the Gallick Glory ! So may all

*The Enemies of England fall ;*

Trampl'd by *English* Valour down,  
 And help'd to full destruction by their own.

On *Danow's* Banks the glorious Victors stand ;

'Twas on that fatal Strand

The mighty *Tallard* did his Sword resign,  
*That Sword that fought so bravely on the Rhine.*

He saw his Master's Pride and Glory lost,

The Hopes of Universal Empire crost,

He saw sunk down the Life and Souls of War ;

The sight oppress'd his Thoughts with wild Despair  
 In vain his Master's Glories he'd Invoke ;

Fate had the strong Enchantment broke :

Not all the Fame of former Battles won,

At *Spirebach*, at *Landau*, or *Bon*,

Could comfort him in his approaching Fate,

He saw his Ruin so compleat.

Too well he found the differing Case appear,

*And a new way of making War.*

The *Germans* he had oftentimes O'erthrown,

Too well to them his dreadful Name was known :

But



But his inverted Fate instructs him now,  
*He must to English Fortune bow.*  
 With strong Reluctance he's oblig'd to yield  
*Himself his Fortunes, and his Troops the Field.*

To *Marlbro's* Name the Hero must submit ;  
 So Fate and Victory appointed it.  
 At his triumphant Feet the Victims lie ;  
 From his triumphing Face the Legions fly :  
 And they the *English* Mercy now implore,  
 That, to their Cost, had try'd their Force before.  
 Now the surrounded Regiments comply ;  
 They see 't's alike in vain to fight or fly :  
 The *Gallick* Ensigns they lay down,  
 Superiour *English* Glory own ;  
 At *Marlbro's* Hands their Lives receive,  
*And ask what they were always us'd to give.*

*Ye Heav'ns ! What's God a-doing in the World !*  
 How is the Face of Providence display'd !  
 The Good and Evil so together curl'd,  
 Nature it self's dismay'd.

He has the *Horse* and *Rider* overthrown,  
 And by their want of Pow'r display'd his own :  
 'Tis *He* has *England* magnify'd,  
 As Instruments to crush the *Gallick* Pride.  
*He* singl'd out the Nation for the Deed ;  
*No wonder all the Power of France comply'd.*

Great Marlbro' ! Let our more impartial Verse,

*Some of thy glorious Deeds rehearse :*

But bear the Poet when he makes it known

'Twas all thy Maker's doing, *not thy own.*

Nature her humble Thanks to Heav'n presents ;

But *Heav'n admits* our Praise to Instruments :

Nor shall we lessen the Almighty's Name,

*when we in Songs of Triumph sing thy Fame.*

And yet our Muse, that scorns the flatt'ring Flight,

Shall raise thy Glory to the greatest Height,

As made *the Agent* to the Infinite.

With *Pedant Praises* thou can'st ne'er be pleas'd,

Thy Judgment's not so much diseas'd ;

And when in Arms we give thee Victory,

'Tis Nonsense to assault thy Modesty.

We praise thee as the Man that Heav'n thinks fit

Should make the Nations Happiness compleat.

But 'tis to Heav'n it self we pay

The high original Glory of the Day.

This needs must *thy Ambition* satisfy,

And pay for all the Toils of Victory.

To double height it must thy Glory raise,

*When for thy Actions Heav'n obtains the Praise.*

Of all the Panegyricks, Odes, and Lays,

Which flatt'ring Poets sing to mortal Praise ;

None can afford thee so much true Content,

As those that for thy sake to Heav'n are sent.



How Heav'n and Thee together all Men bless!  
*Thee for the Action, That for the Success.*

Tho' Chance and *T'other Idol* may  
 Throw an unlook'd-for Victory away;  
 Yet Battle flies on Nature's Wings,  
 And Victory obeys the Course of Things.  
 Handful sometimes shall numerous Hosts subdue  
 When suited Conduct backs the *Mighty Few*:  
 And Art sometimes gives easie Victory,  
 When *Craft* the Place of *Courage* may supply.

But when two vast Collected Armies meet,  
 In Conduct both, and both in Art, compleat;  
 Equal in Courage, Quality, and Fame, (same;  
 Their Arms, their Numbers, and their Hearts the  
 When VICTORY shall view th' embattl'd Line,  
 And knows not to which Side she shall encline;  
 So well the Merit of the Troops appear,  
 So suited to the *Arguments of War*,  
 'Tis Heav'n alone decides the Matter there.

Nature directs no more by stated Laws,  
 There seems no room for Consequence or Cause;  
 Reason can make no Guess for either side;  
*Bellona* can no more the mighty Cause decide:  
*Victoria* Tosses-up for *Cross* or *Pile*,  
 As *Arbitrary Fate* is pleas'd to Smile:

Heav'n takes the Case into its proper Hand,  
And binds th' Event of things to his Command.

The gen'ral Circumstances here agree,  
But let us search the Marks of Victory :  
We had *presaging Tokens* of Success,  
Tho' theirs the *greater Force*, and *ours the less*.  
What tho' in Numbers they exceed,  
And their extending Line pretends to spread;  
These scorn that *usual Sign of Victory*;  
With *English Valour* all the Intervals supply.

And thus this Riddle they explain,  
That these *more Souldiers* have, and those *more Men*.  
*Old English Courage* scorns these trifling things,  
The *Higher Ground*, the *Well-flank'd Wings* :  
He that will Conquer whatfo'er it cost,

Scorns the *Advantage of the Post*.  
This Wing the *Woods* may flank, the *Castle* that :  
They leave it to their Swords and Fate :  
And still the Advantage are equal found :  
These *higher Hearts*, and those the *higher Ground*.

Speak, FAME, and tell us how we shall divide,  
The Leading Hero's Worth on either side :  
Never were Armies in the Field before,

With greater Leaders, or *with more*.  
The Flow'r of *Europe* on this Stage appear,  
And all *Bellona's Favorites* were there. Equal.



Equal in Valour, Conduct, and Success;  
All flush'd with Fame, and former *Victories*.

There stood *Bavaria*, once a Name  
Belov'd by *Europe*, and by Fame:  
*His Courage still, tho not his Cause the same.*

*Vienna's* Plains his youthful Valour Try'd,  
In *Turkish Blood* his early Banner dy'd:  
There his young Sword, enrag'd with Victory,  
Defends that Empire *he wou'd now destroy*.

There the young Hero learn'd to Fight,  
And rais'd his Fame to a stupendous height;  
Thousands of slaughter'd *Turks* before him fly,  
And *thirteen Battles* yield him Victory.

At *Buda, Belgrade*, and at *Gran*,  
He and *Fame's Darling, Great Lorrain*,  
The Triumphs of their Valour shar'd,  
And gain'd immortal Names for their Reward.

In *Flanders* next he drew his Conqu'ring Sword.  
And *Namure's* Walls new Triumphs there afford.

But Fate and *his mistaken Cause*  
Robb'd him not of his Valour, but *Applause*.  
Resolv'd the Hero stands, resolv'd to try,  
And court his former Mistress, *VICTORY*.

His old unconquer'd Squadrons brought,  
By Victory and his Example taught,  
And just as when he us'd to conquer fought.

Tallard,

Tallard, the German's Terror, led the Right,  
 As much inur'd to Conquer as to fight;  
 Flush'd with Success, he knew not how to fear,  
 Proud of a Battel and in love with War,  
 His own superior Numbers knew,  
 And his superior Fortune too,  
 Pleas'd with the just Advantages he saw,  
 Eager his Conqu'ring Sword to draw,  
 The still too forward Enemy invites,  
 And, sure of Victory, with pleasure fights.

Be silent, FAME, no more the Names repeat  
 Which help to make our Vict'ry more compleat.  
 D' Arco was there, there was the great Marfin,  
 Of Hero's Blood, to Vict'ry near of kin.  
 Rocroy conveys his Ancestors to Fame,  
 And personal Merit shews him worthy of the Name,  
 Heroes that never were subdu'd before,  
 Follow'd by fifty seven Generals more.  
 Men bred to War and Victory,  
 But ne're had been shew'd how to fly;  
 Men that ev'n War it self defy'd:  
 Never was Cause so bad so well supply'd.

Should we the Gallant Troops display,  
 Our Lines must shine as bright as that more Glo-  
 rious Day.

The



The dreadful Splendor of the embattl'd Line,  
 With what strange Martial Terrors did they shine !  
 What Troops of Dangers threat'ning stand,  
 From *such* an Army under *such* Command.  
 Never was Battle better fought,  
 Never was Vict'ry longer kept in doubt ;  
 Never was Courage longer kept on fire ;  
 Never was Conquest more entire ;  
 Never was Vict'ry more compleat ;  
 Never was braver Army better beat.

Now *Fame* be just, and let us see  
 Where are the *Sons of Victory*.  
 If such as these are from the Battle fled,  
 What *Lawrels* wait the *Victor's Head* ?  
 Vain is the Impotence of Words,  
 To tell the Labour of their Swords.  
 Vain is the Poet's Study to relate  
 The *Blood*, the *Valour*, and the *Turns of Fate* ;  
 The mighty Struggle, the intrepid Rage,  
 Where Men *like Beasts*, and Beasts *like Men* engage ;  
 The furious Wings of mighty Horse,  
 Like Mountains, moving with an equal Force ;  
 How they with Valour brighter than their Fire,  
 With equal *Fury* meet, with equal *Fate* retire ;  
 Renew the Shock their Strokes renew,  
 Alternatly retreat, and then pursue ;  
 Till strong triumphant Death comes on,  
 And both are ruin'd, both cut down :      Both

Both stoop to their immediat Fate,  
And leave the Vict'ry in Debate:

See, on the Right of the Triumphant Line,

Where all the *Roman* Eagles shine,

With War and Terror in his youthful Face,

His Glory brighter than his Arms of Brass,

*Eugenius*, from the Banks of *Po*, appears,

Crown'd with *more Victories than Tears*.

'Tis he whose wondrous Conduct has so long

Furnish'd *European Bards* with Song.

And ev'ry Youth that wish'd for Victory,

Wish'd but to be as *Brave* and *Fortunate* as he.

The Troops of *Mahomet* his Valour knew,

There he Two Hundred Thousand *Turks* o'rethrew,

*Zenta*, renown'd in Story, knows it well,

'Twas there the slaughter'd Thousands fell.

But Fame, as not content with this,

And lest their want of Skill should lessen his,

Prepar'd more formidable Foes,

His more superiour Conduct to disclose:

*Carpi*, *Cremona*, and the Banks of *Po*,

*Chiari*, *Mantua*, and *Luzara* too,

The bloody Footsteps of his Valour shew.

Bred up to *Mars*, and born to Arts of War,

Nature the *Flaming Hero* did prepare;

With



And VICTORY, that lov'd to have him by,  
With suited Lawrels *always did supply* :

Nor cou'd she such another Captain find,

But mighty *Marlbro'* to whose Fame he join'd :

*My Muse*, lay by the Arts of Verse ;

No Art his brighter *Golry* can rehearse :

See how *Britania* leads him to the Field !

Valour his Guide, and Providence his Shield !

See on his Right *Victoria* stands,

Receives his high Commands :

She serves *Cadet* and *Voluntier* :

Attended thus, What shou'd the Hero fear ?

Calm and Sedate, the Mighty Man  
Spreads with his dreadful Troops the Plain,

The Martial Fury of his Face

Began to rise, and shew it self apace :

But all his Soul was calm, 'twas all sedate ;

Secure of Conquests, unconcern'd at Fate.

*Tallard* ! Thy Reason might suggest thy Doom,

Had'st thou but seen great *Marlbro'* come  
Circl'd with *English* Heroes ; seen him rise

With *English* Valour in his Eyes ;

Had'st thou his Troops of *English-men* survey'd,

Thoud'st not by Reason so betray'd ;

Thou might'st ha' seen *Invincible* writ there,  
And *Prudence* wou'd ha' taught thee to retire.

---

# CONCLUSION

*To the Duke of Marlborough.*

SIR,

**I**N antient Time, a far less Fame than yours  
 Transpos'd their Heroes *into Heav'nly Powers*:  
 The forward People, who no Rules contain,  
 Forgot their Gods, and Sacrific'd to Men.

But as *more Honour, SIR*, becomes your Due,  
 So we, by better Rules, our Thanks pursue,  
 Our Praise to Heav'n *Exalts our Praise of you.* }

That you're a Son of *Great Britannia's Race*,  
 An *English Heart* beneath an *English Face*,  
 A *Martial Soul*, and a *Successful Hand*,  
 Back'd by the faithful Genius of your Land;  
 This is to place your Image *in the Skies*:  
*Their Gods knew no such Titles, SIR, as these.*

The



The Glory which your brighter Deeds contain,  
*Stamps Medals* in the Hearts of *Englishmen*;  
 The deep *Impression's* made so very strong,  
 Cut by your *Hand*, it will endure so long,  
 Ages to come your very Name will bless,  
 And your Posterity the Fame possess.

The Battles which you fight Abroad, procure  
 New Peace at home, and make that Peace secure,  
 The *Enemies* you Conquer on the *Rhine*  
 Makes our worst *Enemies* at home, decline :  
 The Dangers on the *Danube* you pursue,  
*Lessens* our Dangers here, and makes them few.  
 And as from Foreign Victories you come,  
 You Fight Abroad, but you *Subdue* at Home.  
*Faction* and *Parties* fly before your Name;  
*Faction* and *Parties* die beneath your Fame.  
 Her Majesty, and all her People, stand  
 Debtors to all the Conquest you obtain'd.  
 By ev'ry Victory of yours we see  
*Safety rise up* like Vapours from the Sea.

For this the Nation, *SIR*, so long has Pray'd,  
 Such Blood Expended, so much Treasure pay'd,  
 So many Fleets and Armies rais'd in vain;  
 For this so many Thousands have been slain,  
*Britannia's Sons* the Blessing oft essay'd;

But,

But, till you came, *I* *was* *always* *been* *deny'd*;  
In vain they did our Happiness pursue;  
The Promise *may'd*, *SIR*, *For the Queen and you*.  
Wise Providence its Bounty does restrain,  
Till both the Blessing's ready, and the Man:  
The Agent and the Action he prepares,  
He finds the Hero, and he makes the Wars,  
Thus Heav'n and You together we admire;  
*Let they that Prize you more advance you higher.*

DF.

FINIS





